Tchaikovsky

Was Peter Ilyich
a sexy sonofabitch?
Cashing in his chips

to mask a fatally queer mess?
Or did he swig–-more likely--
polluted water? Oh well, booze

and nicotine and compulsive
wandering rip in. Plus what is
noted depression today. And,

oh yeah, he wrote music
that one critic quipped
held stink you can hear.

That latter more often closer
to roses--and applause. So, on

balance, a surpassing romantic
composer. As for all the rest,
who has a skin thick enough?

God rest him
all road ever
he offended.